The Black Cat

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APR 8 1902

April 1902

The Trail of Circumstance.
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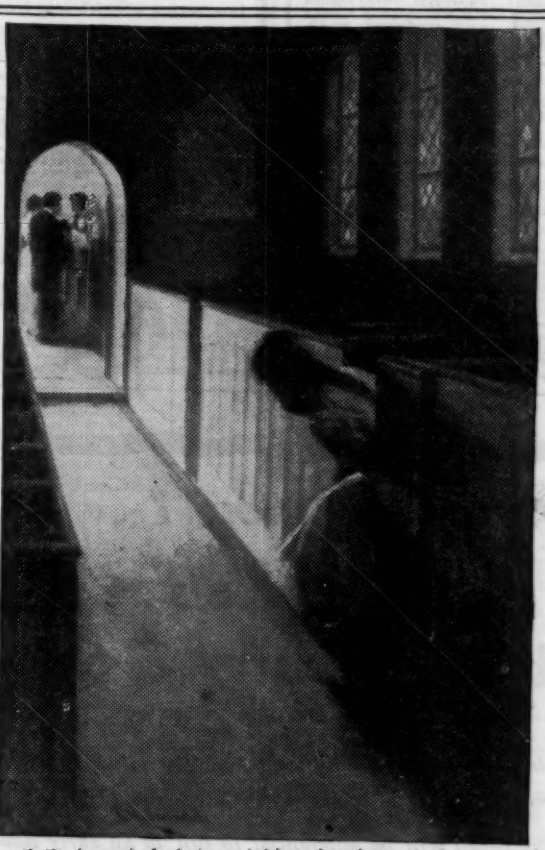

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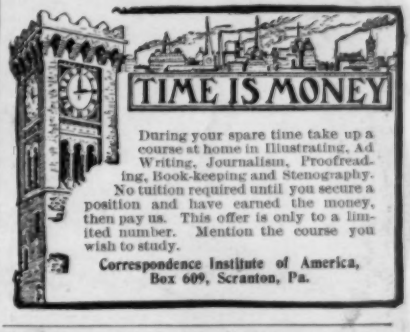

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The Trail of Circumstance.*

BY KARL STEPHEN HERRMANN.

ON a fine spring morning in the latter part of May, 1899, John Burleigh, senior partner in the firm of Burleigh & Fields, commission merchants in the coffee trade, left his home in Beacon Street a little earlier than usual, in order that he might have ample time to walk to his office in lower State Street, and, incidentally, make a necessary call at the Monadnock Safety Deposit Vaults. The first of these details, the walk to business, was a recent innovation resultant upon the advice of his physician, when that gentleman had been consulted regarding certain rather queer headaches and momentary lapses of memory, which had lately attacked his patient with disagreeable frequency. The second detail, the pause at the vaults, was merely to take from the firm's compartment in that place United States Government bonds for one hundred thousand dollars.

It was therefore past nine when Mr. Burleigh entered his aromatic counting-room, and crossed rapidly to his private office. Arrived at his own desk, he unlocked it and rolled back its heavy top. Then he drew from the pocket of his light overcoat the small packet containing the precious bonds, and, after pausing thoughtfully for a moment or two, put it carefully under the four-inch pile of writing paper in the upper right-hand drawer. Finally,

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this burden off his mind, he sank into his capacious chair, with a comfortable sigh of relief, and began the sorting of his mail.

But he had scarcely opened the first envelope before Septimus Thomson, the confidential clerk, came in from the counting-room, and closed the door behind him with conspicuous caution.

"I am sorry to disturb you at this hour, sir," he said, "but there is a very persistent person in the anteroom who has been waiting to see you ever since we opened the office this morning. I told him that you never saw *anybody* before luncheon, except by appointment; but he didn't seem to pay any more attention to me than as if I was a hop-toad; just pulled out a little pad and began making wild-looking triangles and things on it. He's not very well dressed, either, sir; kind of shiny and patched, with long hair and no cuffs. I asked him what his name was, and he said it was Bradley, David Bradley — "

Mr. Burleigh, who had listened to Thomson's preamble with perfunctory attention whirled round abruptly at the mention of his visitor's identity.

"Bradley! *Dave* Bradley!" he exclaimed, in a tone of such evident pleasure that Mr. Thomson rapidly repented his too explicit description of "Dave" Bradley's exterior; "Why I haven't seen old D. B. in thirty years! Well, well, *well!*" Whereupon the dignified Mr. Burleigh bustled past his astonished clerk and fairly rushed into the anteroom, whence there immediately arose an incoherent rumble of cordial greeting. Mr. Thomson, feeling unaccountably chagrined, discreetly withdrew.

David Bradley, A. M., Ph. D., F. R. S., was a tall, extremely lean gentleman of about fifty; undeniably shabby in spots, and distinctly underfed. His leonine mane, his eye-glasses and his high forehead gave him an intellectual appearance that was in no way belied by his record. But he was devoted, as a rule, to abstruse theories. Practice, the tame demonstration of a theory harnessed, he left to others, of more brawn than brain — or so he considered them. Only when his daily bread itself became a theory did he vouchsafe a grudging attention to the sordid phases of profit and loss. So it was simply a logical sequence of cause and effect that made him, simultaneously, a celebrity in the realm of science and an object of dark suspicion to the butcher.

Late in life he had married a confiding little woman who sincerely believed in his transcendent genius; and thus sustained and soothed by a faith that never faltered — even after ten years' contemplation of a barren larder — he had serenely continued his numberless inventions in superfluous mechanics, till, by dint of a truly praiseworthy perseverance, he had increased his income from certainly nothing to nothing certain a year. In fact, his only source of revenue came in the form of intermittent royalties on a complicated — and despised — milk-pail.

At length, however, he had become imbued with a sudden enthusiasm for aërial navigation, and, to his infinite delight, had finally succeeded in designing, upon paper, a dirigible balloon, that would be, he fondly hoped, the prototype of all the future argosies of flight. The next step was, of course, to put his scheme to proof, and, to do this, a model must be built. But the building of a full-sized model would require a large sum of ready money; ready money was to be obtained only from those who had it, and of those who had it, David Bradley mournfully assured himself that he knew not one.

Then, by-and-by, he remembered John Burleigh. It was an inspiration. He and Burleigh had been warm friends during their career at college; somebody had told him that Burleigh was enviously prosperous. And that was how he came to be in the anteroom of Burleigh & Fields, shaking hands with the senior partner.

Now, the sum that David Bradley needed for his balloon was one thousand dollars, and John Burleigh thought just as much of a thousand dollars as most men do. But as he leaned back in his leather-cushioned chair and watched the eager, brilliant-eyed face of his quondam chum, glowing in the fervor of appeal, he was recalling something that the other had apparently forgotten. It was only that, long ago, when they were room-mates at the University, the embryo scientist had nursed the embryo merchant, voluntarily and triumphantly, through a weary, dangerous siege of small-pox. So, while David was waxing eloquent over gas and silk and propeller, John was thinking steadily of the hideous days and nights in the dreary pest-house. Consequently, when David Bradley went away, an hour later, he took with him a check for the thousand dollars he desired, and John Burleigh had become a

full partner in the unnamed, unbuilt, untried, dirigible balloon. During several minutes after his eccentric friend's departure, Mr. Burleigh sat inertly staring at the floor, still piecing together the mosaic of old memories. Then, with a wistful smile lingering about the corners of his mouth, he turned to his desk and began once more the perusal of his correspondence. But the first letter he picked up seemed to puzzle him a good deal. For some reason the familiar words conveyed absolutely nothing to him. Three times he read the paper slowly through, growing perceptibly nervous. Then a strange pallor crept over his anxious face, and, with a half-smothered, inarticulate cry, he started abruptly to his feet. It had dawned upon him, dimly but terribly, that his inability to decipher perfectly legible, typewritten English could only mean that his mind was deranged. Hastily donning his overcoat and hat, he walked unobserved through the counting-room, and set out, somewhat hazily, for home. Three days later, when the hue and cry over his mysterious disappearance had spread across the entire continent, he was found, by a policeman, in an arbor of the Public Garden, penniless, lacking his watch, ring, gold studs and check-book, and utterly bereft of intelligence. He could not even remember his own name.

The eminent physicians who were called to examine the unfortunate merchant shook their heads gravely, but refused to name the sufferer's malady. They agreed, however, that he might ultimately recover his intellectual faculties, an opinion more optimistic than confident, and advised that he be sent, for an indefinite period, to the Woodlawn Sanatorium. To this pleasant suburban retreat for the mildly insane John Burleigh was therefore committed, and, from the very beginning, seemed wholly satisfied with his new environment. He was allowed to stroll, practically unwatched, about the pretty park in the rear of the sanatorium, and gave none of his attendants any trouble whatever, simply pacing calmly to and fro, hour after hour, his head bent to his chest and his lips muttering the single word "balloon."

All this transformation in Mr. Burleigh's life occurred in less than a week after that last lamentable morning in his private office. Meanwhile his partner, Mr. Fields, was himself on the verge of insanity through his failure to find any trace of the Government

bonds that had been taken from the safety deposit vaults by the now irresponsible member of the firm, and apparently hidden, stolen or destroyed. Mr. Fields kept the knowledge of this loss confined to himself and Septimus Thomson, the confidential clerk; for had it become public property the firm of Burleigh & Fields would have been, no doubt, pushed into bankruptcy by a clamoring throng of panic-stricken creditors. Indeed, the gulf of dishonorable collapse was only a matter of a short month under any circumstance, unless the bonds were safely regained in the interval.

It was at this juncture that there began a still hunt for David Bradley, of whom nothing was known by his hunters save his name. They were not prepared, of course, to accuse Mr. Bradley of theft — though Septimus Thomson declared his readiness to suspect him of anything — but they cherished a slender hope that he might possibly furnish them with something which would possess the importance of a definite clue. For a week, in this momentous quest, they groped darkly among directories, or stared fixedly into the face of every individual they met on the street; and then Mr. Fields, by the merest chance, happened to glance through a stray copy of the *Scientific American*, wherein he read not only David Bradley's name and address, but also an account of a certain marvellous balloon, with which that versatile scientist was about to amaze humanity.

On the following morning, at a quarter before eight, Mr. Bradley saw two well-dressed gentlemen, obviously from the city, turn the corner of the Cragville thoroughfare in which he resided, and walk briskly toward him. He was standing in his front yard at the time — in fact he had been standing there since daybreak — proudly surveying his completed air-ship, which lay, or rather floated, since it was fettered to earth only by a solitary rope, upon the adjacent sward. The first official trial of the *Butterfly* — for so the uncouth monster was christened — had been announced for three o'clock that afternoon, and he instantly surmised that the approaching strangers were reporters, prematurely arrived in order that they might secure a private view of his famous contrivance before it began to soar. In a flood-tide of innocent vanity, like that of a small boy with a new bicycle, the happy inventor felt moved to immediately take a little preliminary spin — to "show

off," in other words. So, with his heart beating a lively tattoo, he bounced into the basket-like car of the *Butterfly*, cut the guy-rope with his knife, turned a shining wheel in the maze of weird machinery, and shot buoyantly up above the tree-tops. Then he turned another shining wheel, and the balloon, to the disgust of Mr. Fields and Septimus Thomson, who were shouting and gesticulating wildly, far below, swam rapidly eastward.

For a long half-hour the daring aëronaut sailed steadily on, supremely enraptured with the dazzling triumph of his own achievement. He told himself he was, indeed, a brother to the birds. By peering occasionally over the edge of his car, he saw the pretty villages of Cragville, Pikedale and Roseburg in turn unrolled beneath him, like topsy-turvy puzzles. He basked, anticipatively, in the imminent glory that was his.

Then, just after he had passed over the western boundary of Woodlawn, he was somewhat startled by discovering that a few further miles would carry him out above the broad blue bosom of the sea, which he now perceived for the first time, wrinkled, dimpled and glittering, spread vastly before him. As he had no wish to go beyond the land's end in this unpremeditated unofficial trip, and feared, as well, that the patience of the newspaper men, whom he had left behind, would be exhausted were his absence too prolonged, he determined to put the *Butterfly* about and return. Leaning forward, he confidently pulled a crooked lever, and whirled once more the set of little wheels. The *Butterfly* still kept serenely on her previous course. Again he fumbled with his precious gear. There was no change. And then, with a heart-breaking moan, poor old David Bradley sank back upon the bottom of the car, and covered his face with his trembling hands. For he had realized, in one blinding flash, that his dirigible balloon was not dirigible at all; and furthermore, from the very start, had answered to no power save that of the fresh breeze of morning.

About twenty minutes after the occurrence of this pitiful catastrophe, John Burleigh, who was shuffling around in the tiny park of the Woodlawn Sanatorium, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes vacant, and his lips muttering a single word, heard a tremendous ripping and splitting that seemed to come from the air above him. For the first time in many days he quickly threw back his

head, and gazed sharply upward. What he saw was a queer-looking anchor, with one of its flukes buried in the sanatorium roof and tearing up a cloud of shingles. The anchor itself probably conveyed nothing to his fuddled understanding, but when, on following with his eyes the rope to which the anchor was attached, he beheld at the farther end the unfortunate *Butterfly*, a dim, puzzled smile crept over his face and lighted up his gaze. For a half hour he stood staring intently at the swaying, straining balloon, while people rushed about him with ladders and ropes in response to shrill directions from the haggard gentleman hanging in the sky. And when, at last, the *Butterfly* was safely brought to earth, John Burleigh's eyes once more sparkled with intelligence, and he was as sane as you or I.

Well, none of the great specialists who were interested in Mr. Burleigh's case ever agreed regarding its cause or cure. One, however, thought that the merchant had, in long years of bending above his desk, slipped out of place a cord in his neck, and so dammed, in time, the current of an artery that fed his brain; and that this arterial stricture had been accidentally removed by the acute angle at which he had held his head during the rescue of the aëronaut. And probably this was the opinion that most moved the man it chiefly concerned for three days later, enthroned again in his own private office, he wrote another check for a thousand dollars, and laid it on the knee of a certain disconsolate scientist who sat beside him.

"There, Dave," he said, in a voice not quite steady, "you take that, and keep working on our old balloon till you get it right."

The bewildered Mr. Bradley opened his mouth and tried to speak, but couldn't, and so only leaned eagerly forward in his chair regarding his friend with shining eyes. Mr. Burleigh smiled genially back at him, and then, after a little pause, went on:

"There's something said, Dave, in an old book that doesn't mention the coffee-trade or flying-machines, either, for that matter, about the man who casts his bread on the face of the waters, getting it back again after many days. And — and well, Dave, I guess that's about the size of it. What do *you* think?"

And Mr. Bradley agreed.

The Marionettes.*

BY O. HENRY.

THE policeman was standing at the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and a prodigiously dark alley near where the elevated railroad crosses the street. The time was two o'clock in the morning; the outlook a stretch of cold, drizzling, unsociable blackness until the dawn.

A man, wearing a long overcoat, with his hat tilted down in front, and carrying something in one hand, walked softly but rapidly out of the black alley. The policeman accosted him civilly, but with the assured air that is linked with conscious authority. The hour, the alley's musty reputation, the pedestrian's haste, the burden he carried — these easily combined into the "suspicious circumstances" that required illumination at the officer's hands.

The "suspect" halted readily and tilted back his hat, exposing, in the flicker of the electric lights, an emotionless smooth countenance with a rather long nose and steady dark eyes. Thrusting his gloved hand into a side pocket of his overcoat, he drew out a card and handed it to the policeman. Holding it to catch the uncertain light, the officer read the name "Charles Spencer James, M. D." The street and number of the address were of a neighborhood so solid and respectable as to subdue even curiosity. The policeman's downward glance at the article carried in the doctor's hand — a handsome medicine case of black leather, with small silver mountings — further endorsed the guarantee of the card.

"All right, Doctor," said the officer, stepping aside, with an air of bulky affability. "Orders are to be extra careful. Good many burglaries and hold-ups lately. Bad night to be out. Not so cold, but — clammy."

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With a formal inclination of his head, and a word or two corroborative of the officer's estimate of the weather, Dr. James continued his somewhat rapid progress. Three times that night had a patrolman accepted his professional card and the sight of his paragon of a medicine case as vouchers for his honesty of person and purpose. Had any one of those officers seen fit, on the morrow, to test the evidence of that card he would have found it borne out by the doctor's name on a handsome door-plate, his presence, calm and well dressed, in his well-equipped office — provided it were not too early, Dr. James being a late riser — and the testimony of the neighborhood to his good citizenship, his devotion to his family, and his success as a practitioner the two years he had lived among them.

Therefore, it would have much surprised any one of those zealous guardians of the peace could they have taken a peep into that immaculate medicine case. Upon opening it, the first articles to be seen would have been an elegant set of the latest conceived tools used by the "box man," as the ingenious safe burglar now denominates himself. Specially designed and constructed were the implements — the short but powerful "jimmy," the collection of curiously fashioned keys, the blued drills and punches of the finest temper — capable of eating their way into chilled steel as a mouse eats into a cheese, and the clamps that fasten like a leech to the polished door of a safe and pull out the combination knob as a dentist extracts a tooth. In a little pouch in the inner side of the "medicine" case was a four-ounce vial of nitroglycerine, now half empty. Underneath the tools was a mass of crumpled bank-notes and a few handfuls of gold coin, the money, altogether, amounting to eight hundred and thirty dollars.

To a very limited circle of friends, Dr. James was known as "The Swell 'Greek.'" Half of the mysterious term was a tribute to his cool and gentlemanlike manners; the other half denoted, in the argot of the brotherhood, the leader, the planner, the one who, by the power and prestige of his address and position, secured the information upon which they based their plans and desperate enterprises.

Of this select circle the other members were Skitsie Morgan and Gum Decker, expert "box men," and Leopold Pretzfelder, a jeweller

down town, who manipulated the "sparklers" and other ornaments collected by the working trio. All good and loyal men, as loose-tongued as Memnon and as fickle as the North Star.

That night's work had not been considered by the firm to have yielded more than a moderate repayal for their pains. An old-style two-story side-bolt safe in the dingy office of a very wealthy old-style dry-goods firm on a Saturday night should have excreted more than twenty-five hundred dollars. But that was all they found, and they had divided it, the three of them, into equal shares upon the spot, as was their custom. Ten or twelve thousand was what they expected. But one of the proprietors had proved to be just a trifle too old-style. Just after dark he had carried home in a shirt box most of the funds on hand.

Dr. James proceeded up Twenty-fourth Street, which was, to all appearance, depopulated. Even the theatrical folk, who affect this district as a place of residence, were long since abed. The drizzle had accumulated upon the street; puddles of it among the stones received the fire of the arc lights, and returned it, shattered into a myriad liquid spangles. A captious wind, shower-soaked and chilling, coughed from the laryngeal flues between the houses.

As the practitioner's foot struck even with the corner of a tall brick residence of more pretension than its fellows, the front door popped open, and a bawling negress clattered down the steps to the pavement. Some medley of words came from her mouth, addressed, like as not, to herself — the recourse of her race when alone and beset by evil. She looked to be one of that old vassal class of the South — voluble, familiar, loyal, irrepressible; her person pictured it — fat, neat, aproned, kerchiefed.

This sudden apparition, spewed from the silent house, reached the bottom of the steps as Dr. James came opposite. Her brain transferring its energies from sound to sight, she ceased her clamor and fixed her pop-eyes upon the case the doctor carried.

"Bress de Lawd!" was the benison the sight drew from her. "Is you a doctor, suh?"

"Yes, I am a physician," said Dr. James, pausing.

"Den fo' God's sake come and see Mister Chandler, suh. He done had a fit or sump'n. He layin' jist like he wuz dead. Miss Amy sont me to git a doctor. Lawd knows whar old Cindy'd

a skeared one up from, if you, suh, hadn't come along. Ef old Mars' knowed one ten-hunderdth part of dese doins dey'd be shootin' gwine on, suh — pistol shootin' — leb'm feet marked off on de ground, and ev'ybody a-duelin'. And dat po' lamb, Miss Amy — "

"Lead the way," said Dr. James, setting his foot upon the step, "if you want me as a doctor. As an auditor I'm not open to engagements."

The negress preceded him into the house and up a flight of thickly carpeted stairs. Twice they came to dimly lighted branching hallways. At the second one the now panting conductress turned down a hall, stopping at a door and opening it.

"I done brought de doctor, Miss Amy."

Dr. James entered the room, and bowed slightly to a young lady standing by the side of a bed. He set his medicine case upon a chair, removed his overcoat, throwing it over the case and the back of the chair, and advanced with quiet self-possession to the bedside.

There lay a man, sprawling as he had fallen — a man dressed richly in the prevailing mode, with only his shoes removed; lying relaxed, and as still as the dead.

There emanated from Dr. James an aura of calm force and reserve strength that was as manna in the desert to the weak and desolate among his patrons. Always had women, especially, been attracted by something in his sick-room manner. It was not the indulgent suavity of the fashionable healer, but a manner of poise, of sureness, of ability to overcome fate, of deference and protection and devotion. There was an exploring magnetism in his steadfast, luminous brown eyes; a latent authority in the impassive, even priestly, tranquillity of his smooth countenance that outwardly fitted him for the part of confidant and consoler. Sometimes, at his first professional visit, women would tell him where they hid their diamonds at night from the burglars.

With the ease of much practice, Dr. James's unroving eyes estimated the order and quality of the room's furnishings. The appointments were rich and costly. The same glance had secured cognizance of the lady's appearance. She was small and scarcely past twenty. Her face possessed the title to a winsome prettiness,

now obscured by (you would say) rather a fixed melancholy than the more violent imprint of a sudden sorrow. Upon her forehead, above one eyebrow, was a livid bruise, suffered, the physician's eye told him, within the past six hours.

Dr. James's fingers went to the man's wrist. His almost vocal eyes questioned the lady.

"I am Mrs. Chandler," she responded, speaking with the plaintive Southern slur and intonation. "My husband was taken suddenly ill about ten minutes before you came. He has had attacks of heart trouble before — some of them were very bad." His clothed state and the late hour seemed to prompt her to further explanation. "He had been out late; to —a supper, I believe."

Dr. James now turned his attention to his patient. In whichever of his "professions" he happened to be engaged he was wont to honor the "case" or the "job" with his whole interest.

The sick man appeared to be about thirty. His countenance bore a look of boldness and dissipation, but was not without a symmetry of feature and the fine lines drawn by a taste and indulgence in humor that gave the redeeming touch. There was an odor of spilled wine about his clothes.

The physician laid back his outer garments, and then, with a penknife, slit the shirt-front from collar to waist. The obstacles cleared, he laid his ear to the heart and listened intently.

"Mitral regurgitation?" he said, softly, when he rose. The words ended with the rising inflection of uncertainty. Again he listened long; and this time he said, "Mitral insufficiency," with the accent of an assured diagnosis.

"Madam," he began, in the reassuring tones that had so often allayed anxiety, "there is a probability — " As he slowly turned his head to face the lady, he saw her fall, white and swooning, into the arms of the old negress.

"Po' lamb! po' lamb! Has dey done killed Aunt Cindy's own blessed child? May de Lawd 'stroy wid his wrath dem what stole her away; what break dat angel heart; what left — "

"Lift her feet," said Dr. James, assisting to support the drooping form. "Where is her room? She must be put to bed."

"In here, suh." The woman nodded her kerchiefed head toward a door. "Dat's Miss Amy's room."

They carried her in there, and laid her on the bed. Her pulse was faint, but regular, She passed from the swoon, without recovering consciousness, into a profound slumber.

"She is quite exhausted," said the physician. "Sleep is a good remedy. When she wakes, give her a toddy — with an egg in it, if she can take it. How did she get that bruise upon her forehead?"

"She done got a lick there, suh. De po' lamb fell — No, suh" — the old woman's racial mutability swept her into a sudden flare of indignation — "old Cindy aint gwineter lie for dat debble. He done it, suh. May de Lawd wither de hand what — dar now! Cindy promise her sweet lamb she aint gwine tell. Miss Amy got hurt, suh, on de head."

Dr. James stepped to a stand where a handsome lamp burned, and turned the flame low.

"Stay here with your mistress," he ordered, "and keep quiet so she will sleep. If she wakes, give her the toddy. If she grows any weaker, let me know. There is something strange about it."

"Dar's mo' strange t'ings dan dat 'round here," began the negress, but the physician hushed her in a seldom-employed peremptory, concentrated voice with which he had often allayed hysteria itself. He returned to the other room, closing the door softly behind him. The man on the bed had not moved, but his eyes were open. His lips seemed to form words. Dr. James bent his head to listen. "The money! the money!" was what they were whispering.

"Can you understand what I say?" asked the doctor, speaking low, but distinctly.

The head nodded slightly.

"I am a physician, sent for by your wife. You are Mr. Chandler, I am told. You are quite ill. You must not excite or distress yourself at all."

The patient's eyes seemed to beckon to him. The doctor stooped to catch the same faint words.

"The money — the twenty thousand dollars."

"Where is this money? — in the bank?"

The eyes expressed a negative. "Tell her" — the whisper was growing fainter — "the twenty-thousand dollars — her money" — his eyes wandered about the room.

"You have placed this money somewhere?" — Dr. James's voice was toiling like a siren's to conjure the secret from the man's failing intelligence — "Is it in this room?"

He thought he saw a fluttering assent in the dimming eyes. The pulse under his fingers was as fine and small as a silk thread.

There arose in Dr. James's brain and heart the instincts of his other profession. Promptly, as he acted in everything, he decided to learn the whereabouts of this money, and at the calculated and certain cost of a human life.

Drawing from his pocket a little pad of prescription blanks, he scribbled upon one of them a formula suited, according to the best practice, to the needs of the sufferer. Going to the door of the inner room, he softly called the old woman, gave her the prescription, and bade her take it to some drug store and fetch the medicine.

When she had gone, muttering to herself, the doctor stepped to the bedside of the lady. She still slept soundly; her pulse was a little stronger; her forehead was cool, save where the inflammation of the bruise extended, and a slight moisture covered it. Unless disturbed, she would yet sleep for hours. He found the key in the door, and locked it after him when he returned.

Dr. James looked at his watch. He could call half an hour his own, since before that time the old woman could scarcely return from her mission. Then he sought and found water in a pitcher and a glass tumbler. Opening his medicine case he took out the vial containing the nitroglycerine — "the oil," as his brethren of the brace-and-bit term it.

One drop of the faint yellow, thickish liquid he let fall in the tumbler. He took out his silver hypodermic syringe case, and screwed the needle into its place. Carefully measuring each modicum of water in the graduated glass barrel of the syringe, he diluted the one drop with nearly half a tumbler of water.

Two hours earlier that night, Dr. James had, with that syringe, injected the undiluted liquid into a hole drilled in the lock of a safe, and had destroyed, with one dull explosion, the machinery that controlled the movement of the bolts. He now purposed, with the same means, to shiver the prime machinery of a human being — to rend its heart — and each shock was for the sake of the money to follow.

The same means, but in a different guise. Whereas that was the giant in its rude, primary dynamic strength, this was the courtier, whose no less deadly arms were concealed by velvet and lace. For the liquid in the tumbler and in the syringe that the physician carefully filled was now a solution of glonoin, the most powerful heart stimulant known to medical science. Two ounces had riven the solid door of an iron safe; with one-fiftieth part of a minim he was now about to still forever the intricate mechanism of a human life.

But not immediately. It was not so intended. First there would be a quick increase of vitality; a powerful impetus given to every organ and faculty. The heart would respond bravely to the fatal spur; the blood in the veins return more rapidly to its source.

But, as Dr. James well knew, over-stimulation in this form of heart disease means death, as sure as by a rifle shot. When the clogged arteries should suffer congestion from the increased flow of blood pumped into them by the power of the burglar's "oil," they would rapidly become "no thoroughfare," and the fountain of life would cease to flow.

The physician bared the chest of the unconscious Chandler. Easily and skilfully he injected, subcutaneously, the contents of the syringe into the muscles of the region over the heart. True to his neat habits in both professions, he next carefully dried his needle and re-inserted the fine wire that threaded it when not in use.

In three minutes Chandler opened his eyes, and spoke, in a voice faint but audible, inquiring who attended upon him. Dr. James again explained his presence there.

"Where is my wife?" asked the patient.

"She is asleep — from exhaustion and worry," said the doctor. "I would not awaken her, unless — "

"It isn't — necessary." Chandler spoke with spaces between his words caused by his short breath that some demon was driving too fast. "She wouldn't — thank you — to disturb her — on my — account."

Dr. James drew a chair to the bedside. Conversation must not be squandered.

"A few minutes ago," he began, in the grave, candid tones of his other profession, "you were trying to tell me something regarding some money. I do not seek your confidence, but it is my duty to advise you that anxiety and worry will work against your recovery. If you have any communication to make about this — to relieve your mind about this — twenty thousand dollars, I think, was the amount you mentioned — you would better do so."

Chandler could not turn his head, but he rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker.

"Did I — say where this — money is?"

"No," answered the physician. "I only inferred, from your scarcely intelligible words, that you felt a solicitude concerning its safety. If it is in this room —"

Dr. James paused. Did he only seem to perceive a flicker of understanding, a gleam of suspicion upon the ironical features of his patient? Had he seemed too eager? Had he said too much? Chandler's next words restored his confidence.

"Where — should it be," he gasped, "but in — the safe — there?"

With his eyes he indicated a corner of the room, where now, for the first time, the doctor perceived a small iron safe, half-concealed by the trailing end of a window curtain.

Rising, he took the sick man's wrist. His pulse was beating in great throbs, with ominous intervals between.

"Lift your arm," said Dr. James.

"You know — I can't move, Doctor."

The physician stepped swiftly to the hall door, opened it, and listened. All was still. Without further circumvention he went to the safe, and examined it. Of a primitive make and simple design, it afforded little more security than protection against light-fingered servants. To his skill it was a mere toy, a thing of straw and pasteboard. The money was as good as in his hands. With his clamps he could draw the knob, punch the tumblers and open the door in two minutes. Perhaps, in another way, he might open it in one.

Kneeling upon the floor, he laid his ear to the combination plate, and slowly turned the knob. As he had surmised, it was locked at only a "day com." — upon one number. His keen ear caught

the faint warning click as the tumbler was disturbed; he used the clue — the handle turned. He swung the door wide open. The interior of the safe was bare — not even a scrap of paper rested within the hollow iron cube.

Dr. James rose to his feet and walked back to the bed.

A thick dew had formed upon the dying man's brow, but there was a mocking, grim smile on his lips and in his eyes.

"I never — saw it before," he said, painfully, "medicine and — burglary wedded! Do you — make the — combination pay — dear Doctor?"

Than that situation afforded, there was never a more rigorous test of Dr. James's greatness. Trapped by the diabolic humor of his victim into a position both ridiculous and unsafe, he maintained his dignity as well as his presence of mind. Taking out his watch, he waited for the man to die.

"You were — just a shade — too — anxious — about that money. But it never was — in any danger — from you, dear Doctor. It's safe. Perfectly safe. It's all — in the hands — of the bookmakers. Twenty — thousand — Amy's money. I played it at the races — lost every — cent of it. I've been a pretty bad boy, Burglar — excuse me — Doctor, but I've been a square sport. I don't think — I ever met — such an — eighteen-carat rascal as you are, Doctor — excuse me — Burglar, in all my rounds. Is it contrary — to the ethics — of your — gang, Burglar, to give a victim — excuse me — patient, a drink of water?"

Dr. James brought him a drink. He could scarcely swallow it. The reaction from the powerful drug was coming in regular, intensifying waves. But his moribund fancy must have one more grating fling.

"Gambler — drunkard — spendthrift — I've been those, but — a doctor-burglar!"

The physician indulged himself to but one reply to the other's caustic taunts. Bending low to catch Chandler's fast crystallizing gaze, he pointed to the sleeping lady's door with a gesture so stern and significant that the prostrate man half-lifted his head, with his remaining strength, to see. He saw nothing; but he caught the cold words of the doctor — the last sounds he was to hear:

"I never yet — struck a woman."

It were vain to attempt to con such men. There is no curriculum that can reckon with them in its ken. They are offshoots from the types whereof men say, "He will do this," or "He will do that." We only know that they exist; and that we can observe them, and tell one another of their bare performances, as children watch and speak of the marionettes.

Yet it were a droll study in egoism to consider these two — one an assassin and a robber, standing above his victim; the other baser in his offenses, if a lesser lawbreaker, lying, abhorred, in the house of the wife he had persecuted, spoiled and smitten, one a tiger, the other a dog-wolf — to consider each of them sickening at the foulness of the other; and each flourishing out of the mire of his manifest guilt his own immaculate standard — of conduct, if not of honor.

The one retort of Dr. James must have struck home to the other's remaining shreds of shame and manhood, for it proved the *coup de grâce*. A deep blush suffused his face — an ignominious *rosa mortis;* the respiration ceased, and, with scarcely a tremor, Chandler expired.

Close following upon his last breath came the negress, bringing the medicine. With a hand gently pressing upon the closed eyelids, Dr. James told her of the end. Not grief, but a hereditary *rapprochement* with death in the abstract, moved her to a dismal, watery snuffling, accompanied by her usual jeremiad.

"Dar now! It's in de Lawd's hands. He am de jedge ob de transgressor, and de suppo't of dem in distress. He gwine hab suppo't us now. Cindy done paid out de last quarter fer dis bottle of physic, and it nebber come to no use."

"Do I understand," asked Dr. James, "that Mrs. Chandler has no money?"

"Money, suh? You know what make Miss Amy fall down, and so weak? Stahvation, suh. Nothin' to eat in dis house but some crumbly crackers in three days. Dat angel sell her finger rings and watch mont's ago. Dis fine house, suh, wid de red cyarpets and shiny bureaus, it's all hired; and de man talkin' scan'lous about de rent. Dat debble — 'scuse me, Lawd — he done in yo' hands fer jedgment, now — he made way wid everything."

The physician's silence encouraged her to continue. The history that he gleaned from Cindy's disordered monologue was an old one, of illusion, wilfulness, disaster, cruelty and pride. Standing out from the blurred panorama of her gabble were little clear pictures — an ideal home in the far South; a quickly repented marriage; an unhappy season, full of wrongs and abuse, and, of late, an inheritance of money that promised deliverance; its seizure and waste by the dog-wolf during a two months' absence, and his return in the midst of a scandalous carouse. Unobtruded, but visible between every line, ran a pure white thread through the smudged warp of the story — the simple, all-enduring, sublime love of the old negress, following her mistress unswervingly through everything to the end.

When at last she paused, the physician spoke, asking if the house contained whiskey or liquor of any sort. There was, the old woman informed him, half a bottle of brandy left in the sideboard by the dog-wolf.

"Prepare a toddy as I told you," said Dr. James. "Wake your mistress; have her drink it, and tell her what has happened."

Some ten minutes afterward, Mrs. Chandler entered, supported by old Cindy's arm. She appeared to be a little stronger since her sleep and the stimulant she had taken. Dr. James had covered, with a sheet, the form upon the bed.

The lady turned her mournful eyes once, with a half-frightened look, toward it, and pressed closer to her loyal protector. Her eyes were dry and bright. Sorrow seemed to have done its utmost with her. The fount of tears was dried; feeling itself paralyzed.

Dr. James was standing near the table, his overcoat donned, his hat and medicine case in his hand. His face was calm and impassive — practice had inured him to the sight of human suffering. His lambent brown eyes alone expressed a discreet professional sympathy.

He spoke kindly and briefly, stating that, as the hour was late, and assistance, no doubt, difficult to procure, he would himself send the proper persons to attend to the necessary finalities.

"One matter, in conclusion," said the doctor, pointing to the safe with its still wide open door; "Your husband, Mrs. Chandler,

toward the end, felt that he could not live; and directed me to open that safe, giving me the number upon which the combination is set. In case you may need to use it, you will remember that the number is forty-one. Turn several times to the right; then to the left once; stop at forty-one. He would not permit me to waken you, though he knew the end was near.

"In that safe he said he had placed a sum of money — not large — but enough to enable you to carry out his last request. That was that you should return to your old home, and, in after days, when time shall have made it easier, forgive his many sins against you."

He pointed to the table, where lay an orderly pile of banknotes, surmounted by two stacks of gold coins.

"The money is there — as he described it — eight hundred and thirty dollars. I beg to leave my card with you, in case I can be of any service later on."

So, he had thought of her — and kindly — at the last! So late! And yet the lie fanned into life one last spark of tenderness where she had thought all was turned to ashes and dust. She cried aloud "Rob! Rob!" She turned, and, upon the ready bosom of her true servitor, diluted her grief in relieving tears. It is well to think, also, that in the years to follow the murderer's falsehood shone like a little star above the grave of love, comforting her, and gaining the forgiveness that is good in itself, whether asked for or no.

Hushed and soothed upon the dark bosom, like a child, by a crooning, babbling sympathy, at last she raised her head — but the doctor was gone.

The Prelude of a Boom.*

BY DAVID BRUCE FITZGERALD.

NE Wednesday afternoon in the middle of August, the slanting rays of the sun, reflected in a blinding glare from the yellow roadway, beat squarely upon the front of the office of the *Empire Star* — four-page "patent inside" weekly newspaper of Clungston Creek — and the interior of the shanty was like a furnace. The Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Daniel Williams, colloquially termed, in consequence of his predominant facial feature, "Longnose" Williams, was seated at his desk, writing doggedly, but evidently ill-satisfied with the results he was laboriously failing to achieve. The secret of his persistence, in the face of discouraging circumstances, lay in an offer made by "Chicago" Smith, the genial Secretary of the Minerva Mining Company, to take five hundred extra copies of the paper, contingent upon its containing a three-column editorial on the subject of gold production in and about Clungston. Mr. Smith did not mention the fact that he intended to mail these copies to parties in the East who had subscribed for Minerva stock and who, it was thought, in the offices of the Company, were becoming a little restless about their dividends, nor did he insinuate that he would prefer the article to be encouraging in tone. The memory of the oldest inhabitant ran not to a time when an utterance of the *Empire Star* on the subject of Clungston was anything else than encouraging. There was no doubt that Clungston was declining — its boom was over — but no faintest hint of this deterioration ever appeared in the pages of the *Empire Star*. In fact, on one occasion, "Longnose" had refused to insert, at regular advertising rates, a notice of the dissolution of the Blazing Gem Mining Company — a possibly unparalleled instance of editorial loyalty to a cause.

On this afternoon, however, "Longnose" was a well pumped

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dry — and he knew it. Inspiration declined to reveal itself within him even though he cudgelled his brains in hope of wringing secrets from them by torture. The editor felt that he had long ago exhausted reiteration and that his memory held no statistics; that his vocabulary contained no adjectives; that his imagination could coin no figures which would impress his readers as unfamiliar. As he dashed his fist upon the table, his partner, 'Skinny" Wallace — most corpulent man in Clungston — paused in the occupation of oiling the press and looked at him in a sort of wonder at the eccentricities of genius.

"Skinny," exclaimed Longnose, in desperation, "Clungston needs an abler man than me to do her justice. Guess we'd better go back to the Little Golconda."

Give her the best you've got," replied Wallace, "and let it go at that. I think you're doing her proud. Besides, while this paper business is no bonanza, it pays as well as the Little Golconda ever did." Skinny would have been vastly surprised to hear that there was a greater editor on earth than Longnose, or a better newspaper than the *Empire Star*.

It was whispered, however, in some circles, that Clungston's prosperity and the earthly career of Major Shackpole, founder of the weekly sheet, were coterminous. And there were those who, speaking in the subjunctive mood, asserted that the town's decline was possibly resultant from the Major's death. There was no doubt that the *Star* had exerted a powerful influence upon municipal enterprise during the life of its militant proprietor; though the hasty departure from the office of Bill Stebbins — nominally "compositor," really editor and general manager — might have brought about a change in the paper's efficiency had the Major's demise not occurred a week later. As it was, no one had time to notice the editorial difference between Major Shackpole plus Bill Stebbins and Major Shackpole minus Bill Stebbins. The retirement of the *Star's* compositor was due to a violent quarrel between himself and his employer concerning the policy of the periodical, Stebbins insisting on certain aggressive measures and the Major objecting to them as wasteful. The discharged compositor left, vowing blusteringly that "he'd come back some day and own the whole town."

As Shackpole died intestate and without heirs the camp concluded, at a meeting called to draft resolutions to his memory, that the paper belonged to the town. The next step was to elect an editor. Longnose and Skinny, recent, though very popular, arrivals, were requested to give up personal labor on the Little Golconda and run the *Empire Star* in the interests of Clungston. Their prosecution of the task was more persevering than brilliant, but the people, as a whole, were satisfied.

When Longnose, on the afternoon in question, turned despairingly to the article he was attempting to compose, a shadow from the doorway fell upon him. Looking up he saw a man standing on the threshold.

"Come in," said the editor with cheerful cordiality.

Encouraged by the friendly tone the stranger entered and seated himself on the inverted soap box which was dedicated to social usages, looking about him the while in an incurious way which seemed to imply a certain familiarity with the objects which met his gaze.

"Don't happen to need an extry man to set type this week, do you?" he asked.

"I think not," replied Longnose. "Skinny and the boy do that."

"Don't happen to need an editorial writer, do you?" queried the caller, his eye wandering to the manuscript on the desk.

The unexpected nature of this question caused Williams to regard the stranger attentively. He appeared to be an ordinary hobo — unshaved, unkempt, dishevelled, ragged, whiskey-seared, tobacco-stained — and the spark of hope which had momentarily glowed in the editor's eye grew dim and expired.

"Do you think *you* could write editorials?" inquired Longnose.

"Mebby I could, and then mebby again I couldn't," drawled the stranger. "D'you want any editorials written?"

"Mebby I do and then again mebby I don't," returned the editor, irritated into mimicking his caller. The visitor gazed blinkingly at a calendar on the wall, and seemed in no wise disturbed by the manner of his host.

"Guess I'll be moving on, then," he remarked, after an interval.

"Here," cried Longnose, whose attitude toward literary straws

was that of a drowning man, "I'll try you. Sit up to the table and let me see what you can do."

"I always liquor before writing — seems to stimulate the brain," said the stranger, sententiously.

The Editor-in-Chief took a large bottle from a shelf and poured into the office tin cup a dram of such generous proportions that any man in the camp would have looked at it twice before attempting to swallow it at a gulp — which suggests the Clungston method of estimating the proper size of a drink.

"Not a drop more till the work's done," remarked Williams, replacing the bottle.

"'Nough said," replied the stranger, drawing the soap box close to the table and seizing the editor's discarded pencil. "I suppose you want to boom the old town?"

"You bet!" assented Longnose, "and not less than three columns of it. Discovery of gold here; tremendous excitement; growth at rate of three houses a day — seven big mining companies — Minerva, Loadstone, Blazing Gem, Eureka — "

"I reckon I've got all them points," interrupted the stranger drily. "I did a little diggin' round here onc't," and he turned to the task with a certain vigor which had appeared only in his drinking.

As each page was finished the writer, with an impatient jerk, flung it on the floor, whence Longnose mechanically rescued it, so the writing and reading progressed simultaneously. The sun touched the tops of the tall pines and finally disappeared beyond the mountains, but still the stranger's pencil travelled indefatigably over the paper, and, indeed, Skinny obsequiously brought the flaring office lamp and placed it at his elbow before the new editorial writer, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, tossed the last sheet of manuscript across the table.

"How much for this?" inquired Longnose, holding the carefully collected pages in his hand.

"How does it strike you?" was the indirect reply.

"It's a gollyswasher!" cried the editor, with whom this word, of his own coining, was expressive of all superlative and ultimate facts.

"Gimme a dollar an' that bottle."

Without demur Longnose placed the coin and the flask in the grimy hands of the stranger, who immediately put the one in his pocket and the other to his lips.

"Going to stop in Clungston awhile?" queried the editor, who had vague hopes of securing the permanent, or at least occasional, services of his uncouth caller.

"Guess not. I think I'll travel down the trail a bit this evening. Hope to strike Leadville in a week or so. May see you again sometime. Good night," and the stranger drifted out into the shadows, from whence there came back only a gurgling sound, followed by the shuffle of retreating footsteps.

Longnose and Skinny stayed up all night getting the article into type. It would be an understatement of historical fact to say that the next issue of the *Empire Star* created a sensation. The editorial on Clungston — prefaced by an announcement that it was from the pen of a celebrated literary man who, incognito, had visited the camp during the week and had been financially persuaded to record his observations for the paper — produced an impression vastly more profound than could be conveyed by the word sensation. In less than a week the influx of miners from neighboring camps added forty-six to Clungston's population, and as many new claims, less four, were taken up; the four failures being cases of men who attempted to jump old claims and were buried at public expense. Ten days later an enormous train of wagons bivouacked on the outskirts of the town, and the leader of the expedition announced that, having read a glowing account of Clungston, he and his followers had turned aside from their route to try it. The succeeding night was turned into a mining camp version of Belshazzar's Feast. In a month the town was experiencing what Major Shackpole, had he lived to see it, would have described as a full-fledged, unclipped-winged, soaring boom, at the height of which Longnose and Skinny sold the Little Golconda for fifteen hundred dollars in cash; a transaction which afforded them reason for mutual congratulation, inasmuch as the sum was three times the amount they had privately agreed upon as its worth.

Eight days later Skinny, just returned from Leadville, burst glowingly into the sanctum.

"Longnose," he cried, exultingly, "I've got loads of new type

and a dozen second-hand rooster cuts for election days and — what in thunder's happened to you, old man?"

Williams was seated at his desk, but he was not writing. His face, looking out from between clenched hands, was white and haggard, his bloodshot eyes rolled restlessly from side to side and, altogether, he seemed the victim of one of those aging processes which are not of years but of untoward experiences. He rose painfully to his feet and looked at his general manager, his mouth opened to speak, but no sound was heard save a hissing of breath over the teeth.

"Spit it out!" yelled Skinny, who was on tenterhooks of solicitous expectancy.

"Skinny," — and the voice of Longnose was weak and catchy, — "the Minerva struck a vein while you were gone."

"Well?"

"It runs right square through our old claim."

"The dev— "

"And that tramp editorial writer who wandered in here the other night was Bill Stebbins, Shackpole's old compositor."

"Well?"

"Don't you remember hearing that he swore, when the Major fired him, he'd come back some day and own the whole town?"

"Yes," replied Skinny, slowly, "I do recollect something of that kind."

"He's kept his word. He owns the town. The scoundrel had an agent locate a lot of claims right in the town limits — you know nobody has a title to the place their house stands on, are simply squatting — and now he proposes to patent those claims. That's not Stebbins's only card, either. His agent bought up, for a song, of course, options on the best mines in the vicinity and now, when the owners would get big prices in the open market, they are obliged to sell to him at his figures. He sold the Little Golconda for six hundred thousand dollars yesterday. That will more than pay for everything in this camp, except the Minerva; and Stebbins has a controlling interest in that."

For a quarter of an hour not another word was spoken, each hesitating to commit himself to expression. The general manager finally broke the silence.

"Longnose," he said, huskily, creeping over and laying his hand on his partner's shoulder. "Dash it, let it go! We're still editors of the *Empire Star*, the leading paper west of the Mississippi."

"I reckon we will have to let it all go," replied Williams, "since we can't help ourselves. But if any expert miner ever comes wandering about here again, disguised as a hobo typesetter, there'll be a funeral shortly after I set eyes on him."

"Clungton owes its prosperity," Longnose often remarked in later years, when talking with new arrivals, "to the fact that, at a critical time in its history, we employed the best literary talent in the country to boom it in our paper. Ever read the article that started the rush up here? No? Let me present you with a copy. The influence of that article was felt from the Rockies to the Atlantic. No, I did not write it myself. It is the work of one of our space fillers, and I may say it represents the highwater mark of American journalism both in style and price. It cost Skinny and me a trifle less than two hundred thousand dollars a column. Yes, it came high, but we had to have it or let Clungston go to the dogs. I may add, incidentally, that our most prominent citizen, Mr. Stebbins, loyally supported the paper in its efforts to boom the town."

Miss Vinton's Proposal.*

BY JANE RICHARDSON.

RICHARD DWIGHT had just returned from a pleasant call, which had been somewhat prolonged.

His apartments, as always, were in exquisite order; a bright fire glowed in the grate, the clock ticked cheerily on the mantel, and books and papers were within easy reach.

Having lighted the lamp by which he always read, he donned his smoking jacket and lighted a cigar, and, having thus made himself comfortable, proceeded to look over the heap of letters which he found upon the table. There were numbers which were ostensibly business correspondence, with others of quite a different character — invitations and notes, in thick, square envelopes bearing the writer's crest or monogram. As he turned them over indifferently, he was struck by one, the address upon which betrayed decided individuality.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's this — chirography that I've never seen before. Evidently a communication from neither creditor nor debtor. It seems to be a man's writing. And here's something on the seal — a badly made V," he concluded, knitting his handsome brows.

"Very odd — this writing," he remarked, studying it again. "The 't' is crossed, the 'i' is dotted, and the comma has a tail to it — no woman ever wrote that."

Whereupon he opened the letter and began to read. His expression at first was one of blank amazement; then he flushed scarlet and tossed the letter on the table with the exclamation:

"By Jove! I would never have believed it! Such a thing as

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this from Miss Vinton — that demure, reserved creature. But, with her peculiar beliefs, it is just what one might expect."

By this time, he was tramping up and down the room in a state of suppressed excitement, gnawing his moustache.

"I rather flatter myself that she liked me," he soliloquized with the egotism of his sex, "but she is the last person on earth that I should have suspected of falling in love, of selecting *me* as the object of her affections, and carrying her preference to the dire length of a proposal."

He halted, picked up the amazing letter, which he now read aloud, as if to convince himself that he had not mistaken its import.

> "My Dear Mr. Dwight: — You are aware that the views which I hold upon certain questions are such as entitle me to that liberty of choice and conduct which the world, hitherto, has permitted your sex alone. I make this statement, not as an apology, but to prepare you for what, otherwise, might somewhat surprise you. During my residence at the Misses McTaggart's, I have had an opportunity to study you more closely than you are probably aware, and I discovered that you possess natural refinement, generosity, high honor, strong intelligence and warm sympathy — qualities which will ensure the happiness of the woman whom you may marry. It is in accordance with my principles, therefore, that I confess myself willing to assume the responsibilities of this sacred relation, believing that I shall be able to minister to your happiness, if not to your highest usefulness.
>
> "I am faithfully yours, Elizabeth Vinton."

"A consistent example of the new woman," he exclaimed, "and I suppose this may be taken as a premonition of the twentieth-century proposal, which will be so common in fifty years that it will not be considered in the least peculiar."

Dwight had taken no pains to be particularly courteous to Miss Vinton, and he never dreamed that his trifling attentions could have been taken so seriously, especially by one who had impressed him as distinctly proud and reserved.

He had been, for many years, what is technically called "a day boarder" at the Misses McTaggart's, where Miss Vinton lived, and where they had met three times daily at table for some months.

She was one of the editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, and it was known that she scorned "Society Notes" and "Home Chat," which were committed to Mrs. Eugene White, who was also a member

of the Misses McTaggart's family. It was even asserted that Miss Vinton was as familiar with the pros and cons of current economic questions as she was with the alphabet.

The Misses McTaggart were elderly spinsters of Scotch extraction who kept a model boarding-house, and the people for whose wants they provided, with the exception of Richard Dwight and Elizabeth Vinton, were such as may be usually found in such establishments; two middle-aged stockbrokers, a young Low Church clergyman, several clerks and a brace of lawyers, with one or two business-men and their stout, indolent wives — Mrs. Eugene White among them. Dwight remembered perfectly when Miss Vinton had appeared upon the scene. It was on a Saturday evening, and in her quiet, simple dress, her grace and youth, he had remarked then that there was very little of the traditional blue-stocking in either her appearance or her manner. While strikingly handsome, she was attractive; her fair complexion, thick brown hair and blue eyes were a marked contrast to Mrs. White's bleached tresses and rouge.

He had learned that she was not only clever with her pen, but an accomplished musician as well. When this latter fact became known Mrs. White explained that Miss Vinton had brought her piano with her when she came to Elwood.

"A queer fancy, wasn't it," she added, "in a girl of her profession?"

"I don't see anything remarkable in it," Dwight had replied dryly. "I suppose the young lady is human."

Mrs. White always irritated him and provoked him to contradiction.

"Take care, Mr. Dwight," she retorted in a manner meant to be arch, but which was merely spiteful. "Take care! If you so promptly volunteer as Miss Vinton's champion, we may count upon an easy conquest at a later day."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," he replied, but repented instantly of the unwise speech.

Dwight had always shown himself indifferent to Mrs. White's reputed intellect, and she resented it, as such shallow natures always do.

The passage at arms had occurred in the McTaggart parlor, just

after dinner, Miss Vinton having gone at once to her room — her habitual practice — and from behind the closed doors could be heard the strains of the *Sonata Pathétique*, played with the touch of an artist.

Dwight's temper, which could never be counted on when crossing swords with Mrs. White, was not improved at the laughter which her silly banter evoked. With an effort he regained his self-control, and turned to one of the men, and said indifferently: "Come, Tomkyns, let's be off."

Nothwithstanding her reserve, Miss Vinton, by degrees, became a decided favorite in the McTaggart household. It was very evident that she had known the great world, if she had not been in and of it, though she never talked of her affairs, past or present, and, with all her cleverness, she was simplicity itself — very different from anything that Tomkyns and Pringle, the two brokers, had anticipated. They had expected aggressive strong-mindedness — "being sat on," as they put it — and nothing of the sort had happened. Miss Vinton had neither exposed their lack of knowledge, nor had she overwhelmed them with her own.

There could hardly have been circumstances more radically different than those of Richard Dwight and Elizabeth Vinton. He belonged to the gayest set in Elwood, and accepted as a matter of course that homage which money, good looks and good manners exact the world over. He was the centre of every social function, always in demand, and he would have been less than mortal had he not rated himself at something approaching the valuation society had placed upon him.

He was, however, careful not to betray his calm self-satisfaction by word or deed. A successful banker, he could command his leisure at any time, and varied the monotony of business with frequent trips East, running across to London or Paris, or roughing it on his ranch in Wyoming.

Miss Vinton, when she chose to exercise it, possessed the art of making friends, but she lived like a recluse, tied to her desk during the day, and spending her evenings with her books and music, enlivened by occasional visits from the Misses McTaggart and Mrs. White, with whom, strangely enough, she got on capitally. Dwight saw her very rarely, except at the McTaggarts'; once he

caught her eye as she surveyed him sitting in a box at the theatre surrounded by a group of chattering girls; and on another occasion he had met her at a party when she played whist all the evening with a lot of stupid people. She had declined to dance with him, and this was her first and last appearance in an Elwood drawing-room for some time.

He had unconsciously become interested in her in spite of himself. Now, however, as he surveyed the letter, he experienced a decided revulsion of feeling, and, sitting down at his desk, he wrote his reply at once, without giving himself time to think the matter over even — an impulsive procedure, very unusual for him. When he had finished the brief note, he put it into an envelope, enclosing with it the letter he had received, and sealed and addressed it.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Without hurting the girl's feelings more than could be helped — for I have written as delicately and considerately as I could — I hope this will teach her a lesson.

They met at breakfast, and Miss Vinton was in an unusually genial mood. Dwight was puzzled that she should have shown no evidence of embarassment. He, on the other hand, felt decidedly ill at ease. He drank his coffee hurriedly and left her unconcernedly chatting with Tomkyns. He could not understand it; no man who had proposed to a woman could face her with such tranquil composure while his fate was being weighed in the balance; and how much more perturbed he would be had he received his *congé* as his had been conveyed to Miss Vinton. It was incomprehensible. Of one thing he was certain — she could not have received his reply.

In the course of the morning he had occasion to drop into the *Bulletin* office to interview the manager, and through the glass partition that separated the business office from the editorial room he saw her at her desk, behind a heap of papers, writing steadily, and so absorbed in her work that she did not look up. The place was dirty, disorderly and uncomfortable, and she, in her dainty dress, with her unmistakable air of delicate refinement, made it seem more grimy and cheerless in contrast.

"A dismal place for any woman to wear out her life in," he thought.

When Miss Vinton came home to luncheon she went to her room, running lightly up the stairs, to glance over her letters, which she rarely ever read at the office. She glanced through them hastily, for she had been detained, and was already late. She came, finally, to the last — Dwight's brief note, with its enclosure.

She read the first again and again, with an expression of increasing astonishment, then with indignation, her eyes flashing, her cheeks flushing, while an ominous frown darkened her forehead.

"Who could have done this?" she exclaimed. "I did not know I had an enemy capable of a thing so contemptible; and to think a man of Richard Dwight's intelligence should not at once have detected so palpable a trick. I had given him credit for greater manliness." And her righteous anger culminated in a burst of tears.

She was recalled to herself by a soft tap at the door and Miss McTaggart's sweet old voice:

"Are you ill, dear? Shall I send you up something?"

"Oh, no — no," she replied chokingly. "I am a little late, that is all. I shall be done in a moment."

She knew that every one had gone, and that she was in no danger of a tête-à-tête with Dwight.

She was still so indignant and mortified that she had very little appetite, and she wondered what she should do. Comfortable boarding-places were not numerous in Elwood, and she did not feel disposed to give up her pleasant rooms. But, after this, it would be intolerable to meet Dwight daily, and such meetings were inevitable if both remained under the same roof. She went back to her room a little more composed. She was determined not to act hastily, but to spare Dwight's feelings — little as he deserved such clemency — and her own self-respect as much as possible. She hoped to evolve some plan that would dispose of the stupid business effectually, and leave no rancor in the minds of either. After a time, a decision was reached; then her sense of humor — that boon which had helped her over many a hard place — came to her relief, and she threw herself upon the lounge and laughed hysterically.

"Well, mademoiselle," she finally exclaimed, "you have been

refused, positively refused. Of course *you* did not offer Mr. Richard Dwight your hand and heart, but some one has performed the delicate task for you, and his refusal is none the less direct and unmistakable. You can understand *now*, perhaps, how the other half of the race feel after such an ordeal."

Then the tears came into her eyes again. As she left the house to return to the *Bulletin* office she told Miss McTaggart that she should be detained again, and left a message for Dwight, asking if he would not wait a few moments after dinner, as she wished to see him upon a matter of important business. She smiled to herself as she thought of his consternation when the message was delivered. "Believing me capable of proposing to him, he may suspect me of conspiring to carry him off bodily in a coach and four — as in the days of our grandmothers — with the rôles of the principal actors reversed." She was not mistaken. Dwight received her message with a feeling of dread that made him positively tremble. For, during the afternoon, it had slowly dawned upon him that the whole thing was a wretched hoax, and that he had been a stupid ass not to have realized this at once. He had not the slightest ground to suppose that Miss Vinton had even cared for him, except as a casual acquaintance whose society had been agreeable; and it was no justification that he had been sought after to such an extent by scheming mothers that he had reached the conclusion that he had but to choose where he would. Nor could he find any ground for apology upon the plea that one might reasonably attribute to a woman of Miss Vinton's known opinions almost any sort of unconventionality. The latter had not appeared in her conduct, it was true, however pronounced her published views may have been.

"And they certainly were pronounced — indorsing this very sort of thing," he groaned, recalling one of her recent editorials, having never learned that a woman's private code and her published utterances are sometimes at variance.

He sat alone in the parlor waiting for her with the apprehension of a man awaiting execution. What would she say? What would she do? Upbraid him, wither him with her scorn, or wring his heart with her tears? He was prepared for any one of these demonstrations — or for all combined.

Presently he heard the soft rustle of her skirts, and the next moment he rose, and they stood facing each other. She had his letter in her hand, and she manifested neither indignation nor reproach. She was perfectly natural and self-possessed.

It was he who choked and mumbled — a sorry figure indeed, he keenly realized. But of this, too, she was apparently unconscious.

"I waited until the others had gone, as I wished to return this letter," she said, quietly. "I am afraid that we both have been the victims of a very stupid practical joke" — generously including herself in the *contretemps* which was wholly of Dwight's making.

"I am sure that you will agree with me," she said sweetly and sensibly, "that the only thing to do is to forget it without delay; to treat the whole affair as if it had never happened. It shall not make the slightest difference with me, and I know that you will be equally indifferent. Then, no one but the writer and ourselves will be any the wiser; and he will have had his labor for his pains. Are you agreed?" and with an enchanting smile she held out her slim white hand.

He could not refuse it, and, at the same time, he was filled with keen admiration for the girl's fine generosity and dignity. How simply and cleverly she had rescued them both from a decidedly awkward dilemma.

"But what a fool — what an *idiot* I must seem — " he began.

"We will not discuss that, if you please," she interrupted him coldly. "It is a matter that has, so far as *I* am concerned, no personal aspect whatever. And now good night," smiling again. "I have had no dinner and Miss McTaggart would wait for me all night."

And thus she dismissed him.

She was true to her compact. She treated Dwight just as she had before, with the same frankness and cordiality, but scrupulously careful that their acquaintance should not extend beyond the limits that she herself resolutely fixed.

As for Dwight, it must be confessed that he thought of her constantly. He found himself listening to all that she said, watching all that she did, and he presently realized that he was genuinely and deeply in love. It was his retribution. He chafed and fretted

under the new conditions, for Miss Vinton's non-committal friendly manner was more discouraging than positive dislike. This he might have hoped to overcome; her blank indifference was hopeless.

Unfortunately for him, Dwight could not read her heart. She, too, in spite of all her brave resolutions to maintain her former attitude, had become more interested in Dwight than she would have cared to confess, a knowledge that naturally, under the circumstances, humiliated her deeply.

Suddenly one day she announced that she had resigned her position on the *Bulletin*, and would return to Brandon, her former home. Miss McTaggart said that the family had had an unexpected bequest that would relieve Miss Vinton from the further necessity of remaining in Elwood. She and her mother were going to England within a few weeks to visit relatives.

The next morning her place was vacant; she was gone.

To Dwight the world was empty. He could not have realized the depth of the feeling which had sustained itself upon their daily meetings. Elwood become unendurable, and he at length made up his mind that, little as Miss Vinton had encouraged him, he would follow her to Brandon and know the worst; he would, at least, be no longer in suspense.

Called to New York on urgent business, he found it convenient to go by the way of Brandon, and, uninvited, he called at the Vintons' in the evening, sending in his card as though it were the most ordinary proceeding.

It is doubtful if Elizabeth was really surprised; women possess a certain sixth sense which serves them unerringly in such crises. She blushed a little, Dwight, on this occasion, being the one to display self-possession.

After a few preliminaries he came at once to the point.

"I love you," he said, "and I have come all the way to Brandon to implore you to marry me."

Miss Vinton hesitated, then smiled mischievously.

"You refused me once," she said, coloring and dropping her eyes in confusion.

"I have reconsidered it," he replied, humoring her mood. "At that time I did not know you as I know you now, or I should

have written you a very different sort of letter. You are much too generous to reproach me for a course which could hardly have been other than it was under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly," she said, indifferently.

She made his hard task no easier by word or look of encouragement, until, at length, driven to desperation, he rose to go, begging that she would say definitely "yes" or "no."

"It is an illustration of Christian charity of which I could never have believed myself capable," she said, at length, glancing at him with sudden shyness.

"You have said 'no' to me, and now I suppose I must humble myself by saying 'yes' to you."

It is not necessary to record the precise terms in which Dwight's gratitude was expressed.

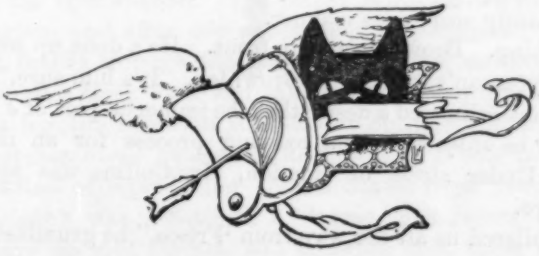
There was no reasonable excuse for postponing the wedding, so they were married with very little delay, and, after a short honeymoon, went back to Elwood. The visit to England was given up.

The letter which had brought them together, after all, was not mentioned until after they had been married several months.

Dwight asked his wife if she ever discovered who wrote it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "it was Mrs. White. In a moment of penitence she confessed — just before I went home. She did it to mortify you, and humbly asked my pardon for the pain it caused me."

And Dwight felt at that moment that he, too, could afford to forgive her.



The Great Game.*

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

T was a big day at the old Guttenburg track — before the Anti-Gambling Amendment had made Guttenburg a stale and profitless thing — and as it was also a holiday, there were at least four thousand men crowding and pushing one another in the pool room.

There were three men among the four thousand who were vitally interested in each other's movements, but it was not until they came in from the second heat that Mr. William Lyman — address not found in the directory — discovered J. Brownley of the San Francisco detective force standing before the boards, well in front of the crowds and apparently studying the odds with thoughtful eye. It occurred to Mr. Lyman that J. Brownley's other eye was keeping watch on the rear exits.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive ears.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously. "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing. Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great, but you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite futurity. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He's follered us all the way from 'Frisco," he grumbled wrath-

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fully, "an' three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tintype, Mickey, I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. S'pose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrances and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away. Mr. Collins took out a cigar, lit it deliberately, cocked his brown derby at a trifle more precipitous angle on the back of his head, and sauntered back into the pool room.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. At one time they had been interested in a quiet little gambling institution in St. Louis, whose light had gone out suddenly under the police snuffers. After this there had been a period of financial depression, during which they appeared in a new locality with a little scheme for investigating the contents of safes without disturbing the combination. The patent is not known to be filed at Washington, and after one experiment in particular, when they dropped hastily through the back window of a banking establishment, leaving their tools and taking with them a bullet in Mr. Collins's leg, the inventors retired into oblivion and took up the somewhat hazardous profession in which they had dabbled once before — that of reproducing United States legal tender. Some of their work was artistic to a degree, but courts and grand juries have no soul for art, and knowing this, these resourceful gentlemen stopped after floating a goodly number of their master-

pieces, and tripped away to new fields of enterprise, with the diligent J. Brownley close upon their heels. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post-office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvellously short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire?" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old gag. We'll do somethin' original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch — awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd — the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our shins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thickest of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman caught Collins's eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering them over with the air of a man who has

plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, levelling the weapon at Collins's head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and jammed against those in front. Only twenty, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It is marvellous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more than twenty of whom knew the cause for their flight, were bearing down on him in a howling, fear-striken mob, sweeping toward the rear exits. The old Guttenburg pool room was not as lavishly provided with exits as the more modern structures, and a mob there was a thing to flee from.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to run for life or death in the same direction. Even as he ran Brownley saw men piling on each other in layers in their frantic efforts to jump from the windows, but he shot past them for the broader exit ahead and felt himself whiz dizzily through the air as he took a flying jump into the hack enclosure and landed on all fours on something soft and struggling—a German of vast circumference, who swore frightfully at the concussion. A pain shot through Brownley's foot, but he rolled swiftly to one side, just as the pushing, struggling mass poured out on the ground.

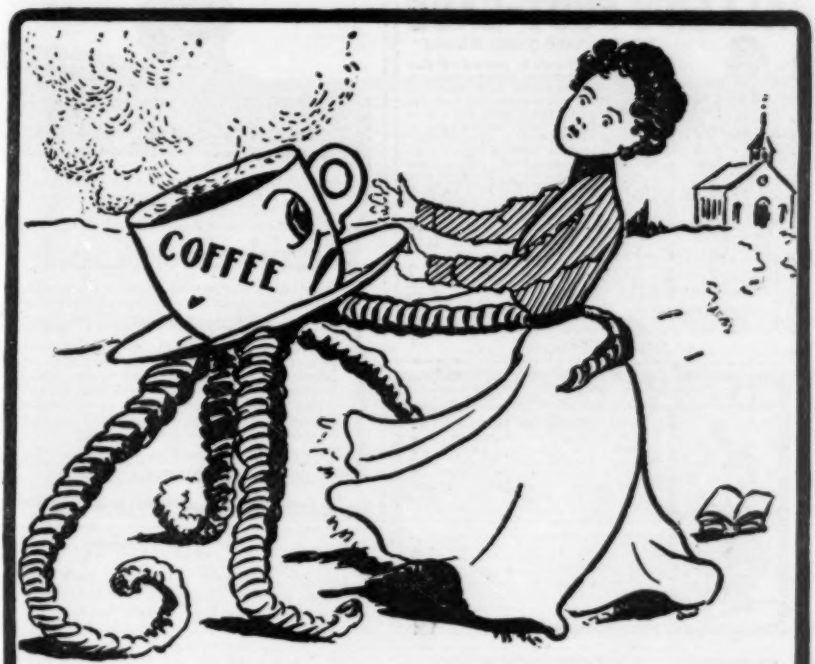
It was over in three minutes, and men rushed from all sides to disentangle the heaped-up mass of humanity. Many picked themselves up and limped off, dishevelled and cursing, but some had to be lifted carefully, with broken ribs and legs, and bleeding faces, and above and around there was a babel of excited questions. Rolls of money had disappeared in the rush, watches were lost and hats gone, but no one knew what had happened.

Later, some of the few who had seen it told how slight a matter

had started a great stampede, and J. Brownley swore to himself as he went through the streets in an ambulance, with a leg and ankle that would lay him up for weeks to come, and ten thousand bruises distributed impartially over his person, but Messrs. William Lyman and M. Collins were far away, speeding through the land in a Pullman car and drinking cool drinks. Even J. Brownley and his exasperated aides did not guess that they had done this thing.

"It was a great game," sighed Mr. Collins contentedly, tapping his glass with his fingers and noting with dreamy satisfaction that their nearest fellow-traveller was three chairs away. "It was the slickest thing I've seen this season, and there was lots of money dropped or pinched in the shuffle. I went in with the crowd, Billy, and I made some fair pickings myself."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Lyman with a reminiscent chuckle. "We've made the haul of our lives this day, and if Brownley wasn't killed, it'll take him all summer to piece himself together again. It certainly was a great game, Mickey. We'll work it again."



SCHOOL TEACHER

Pulled Down Hill.

"I relied on coffee so much to keep me up, having been told that it was a 'mild stimulant,' that I hardly knew what to do when I found it was really pulling me down hill. My sleep was badly broken at night and I was all unstrung, exceedingly nervous, and breaking down fast. My work is teaching school.

"When it became evident that I was in a very bad condition, I was induced to leave off coffee and try Postum Food Coffee. Mother made it first, but none of us could endure it, it was so flat and tasteless. She proposed to throw the package away, but I said, 'Suspend judgment until we have made it strictly according to directions.' It seems she had made the Postum like she always made coffee, taking it off the stove as soon as it began to boil. I got sister to make the Postum next morning strictly according to directions, that is, allow it to boil full fifteen minutes after the boiling begins.

"We were all amazed at the difference. Sister said it was better coffee, to her taste, than the old, and father, who is an elderly gentleman and had used coffee all his life, appeared to relish the Postum as well as my little brother, who took to it from the first. We were all greatly improved in health and are now strong advocates of Postum Food Coffee. Please omit my name from publication." Flagler, Col. Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake into your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept an imitation.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

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[Mention this paper.]

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MANY ADVANTAGES.

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Wash the hair with "California Curly Bark," a harmless vegetable compound. A few applications make any hair curl. First wash makes hair wavy. A box (enough for 5 applications) sent postpaid for $1.00. Sample (enough for one wash) 25 cents.

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CLASS PINS this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design for estimates. Catalogue free. **Bastian Bros.,** 41 **Rochester, N. Y.**

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WE EXTEND YOU CREDIT. Only few dollars down, balance monthly payments. The **BIG PROFIT** you can make and our confidence in the business prompts us to make this very liberal offer. None of your time required except a few minutes evenings. Locate our Newly Patented Mechanical Salesman in public places and they'll **MAKE BIG MONEY** for you. Hundreds are doing it, so can you. Men, women and children patronize the machines, and get Shelled, Roasted, Buttered and Salted Peanuts. Nutritious Delicious and Appetizing. Everybody likes them. Nearly all profit **GREATEST MONEY MAKER KNOWN.** Machines return cost in four weeks. Try one machine and you'll be sure to order more. Write to-day and we'll tell you all about our installment plan.

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NEW CATALOGUE FREE SHOWING COLORS, GAUGES, AND PRICE LIST

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RELIABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Styles shown in above photo-reproduction are our latest in men's fine gauge, medium-weight, cotton half hose

B 11 Cardinal ground, White stripe
B 12 Cardinal ground, Black stripe
B 13 Royal Blue ground, White stripe
B 14 Royal Blue ground, Cardinal stripe
B 15 Black ground, White stripe
B 16 Black ground, Cardinal stripe

All in Sizes 9-11½ at 25c. per pair, or box of 6 pairs $1.50. *Sent anywhere upon receipt of price.*

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The most nourishing and easiest food to digest

A Mother's Experience

MR. COOK:

On account of sickness I was obliged to stop nursing my six-months-old baby, which was done in great fear, because the infant was very delicate.

After using various advertised foods for a certain time with no results, I thought of your Cook's Flaked Rice.

I must acknowledge it is a perfect substitute for mother's breast. My child is now one year old and is in the best of health.

Assuring you that I have since recommended your Cook's Flaked Rice to many of my friends, who met with the same success, I remain,

Yours thankfully,
Mrs. Emelia Matzner,
2816 Leithgow Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Physicians Say : : : :

Cook's Flaked Rice is an excellent food and deserves to be highly recommended.

Carl Weiland, M. D.,
Former Chief of Clinic at Jefferson Medical College Hospital,
315 North Sixth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

—

Cook's Flaked Rice is certainly the cleanest and purest food product I ever saw. I can heartily recommend it as highly nutritious and easily digested. For children during the summer months there is no better food.

Chas. A. Hinks, M. D.,
Of the Board of Health,
Fall River, Mass.

To prepare for breakfast without cooking see illustrations

Put in colander

Salt the water

Pour water through

Empty into dish

BABY'S BEST FOOD TOO . . .

Infants: One cup COOK'S FLAKED RICE, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

Three-months-old child: Use double the quantity of COOK'S FLAKED RICE (two cups) and do not strain.

For Sale At . . . Your . . Grocers'

Kitchen Utensils
HAVING THIS
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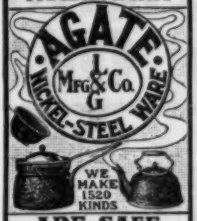

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Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

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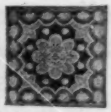
We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful



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DUPLICATE **WHIST** 8-tray set, $1.50; 12 set, $2.25 (in neat case), of your stationer or sent prepaid by the Manufacturer, J N O. W. RICE, Atlanta, Ga.

This is the only preparation which is made expressly for

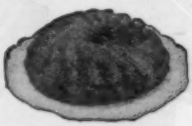
Kitchen Floors

You can apply it yourself. It preserves the wood, gives it a bright, natural finish; it prevents dust and dirt, does away with bugs and keeps the room clean, sweet and healthful. **WAXENE** is not a wax, wash or varnish, but an entirely new preparation—the only thing in the world that will prevent a floor from spotting, coloring or soiling with hot grease or water. **Every kitchen should have it.**

Sold by paint and hardware stores everywhere. Sample can by mail, **10c.** Send for free descriptive booklet.

I. H. WILEY & CO., Mfrs., 74 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

Cake without Flour.



This sounds and looks a little queer, but the cake made without flour is one of the most economical and delicious cakes ever baked. It is simple and easy too. Some of the most expert judges and highest authorities on cooking in America selected this "cake without flour" as the best among hundreds of cake recipes submitted in the first prize contest of Cream of Chocolate. There were several other surprising results of this contest, one being a delicious candy without molasses or sugar. The Prize Recipe Book which we send free to any address tells all about it. Cream of Chocolate is so useful in sickness that no nurse or physician should fail to inform themselves of its merits. It is dainty, wholesome, nourishing and delicious. By the way, Cream of Chocolate is more than a beverage—It is a perfect food, 96 per cent. nutritive matter. Then, too, it is economical and very easy to use. If you send us your name and address, we will mail you the Prize Recipe Book containing over a hundred recipes for dainty and delicious desserts.

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Phew! Salts and Castor Oil!

Why take sickening salts or repulsive castor oil? "Goes through you like a dose of salts" means violence, grips, gripes, gases, soreness, irritation, and leaves your stomach and bowels weak and burnt out. Might just as well take concentrated lye. Then there's castor oil, disgusting, nauseating truck that your stomach refuses unless you disguise the taste. Fool your own stomach, eh? Don't ever believe that anything offensive to your taste or smell is going to do you real good. Nature makes certain things repulsive, so you will *not* take them. Force yourself to nauseous doses, and you ruin your digestion, weaken your bowels, destroy your health. On the other hand see what a delightful, palatable, perfect modern laxative, liver regulator and bowel tonic you find in

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Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address 540
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I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week without any radical change in what you eat; no nauseating drugs, no tight bandages, nor sickening cathartics. **I am a regular practising physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh;** and after you have taken my treatment a few weeks you will say: "I never felt better in my life."

SAFE, PROMPT AND CERTAIN.

By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for my new book, on **"Obesity, Its Cause and Cure,"** which will be sent sealed in plain envelope. It will convince you. Mention this magazine when writing.

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Is your income sufficient? If not, and you are anxious to increase it, write me, stating what amount you can invest, **if only $10,** and I will write you a letter of advice **Free.** For years I have done nothing except study investments. I know I can increase your income by pointing out **Safe** investments, hitherto unknown.

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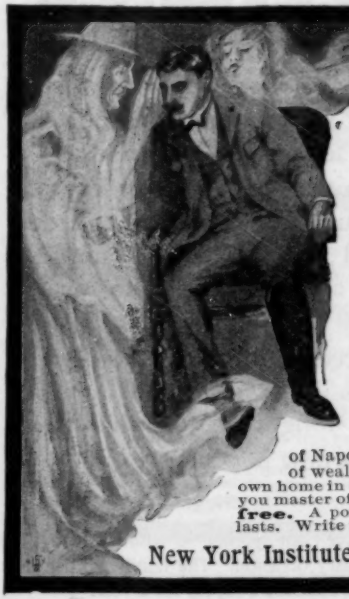
I have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure, and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel band around the body or between the legs. Holds any rupture. To introduce it every sufferer who answers this ad can have one free. It won't cost a cent. ALEX. SPEIRS, 710 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.



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Read this book and learn the reason why. Have you hoped and wished and worked in vain while others, seemingly without an effort, have forged ahead in the race of life? Your failure is not blind chance; their success is not an accident. There is a cause—a reason—for every effect. This remarkable book contains the key. It draws the line between success and failure so bold that you cannot help but see it. Read it and learn the secret of Napoleon's success, of Rockefeller's vast accumulation of wealth. You can master this marvelous power at your own home in a few days, and wield an influence that will make you master of your destiny. **The book is absolutely free.** A postal card will bring it while the present edition lasts. Write to-day. Address,

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If so, send us your name and address with 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" in a plain package with full directions free, how to give it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drink Habit, and will cost you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes.

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Home treatment sent in most cases. Write for Book.

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You may have a good position or a good business today, but what of the future? What are your boy's chances of having a business for himself? People must think and be on the alert for their own welfare and that of the coming generation. It is your duty to learn all you can about this matter. Poverty can be banished and prosperity and work supplied for all—seems like a dream, you say. Get at the facts to be found in

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Editor and Publisher

125 East 23d Street, New York

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A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

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Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

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At druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

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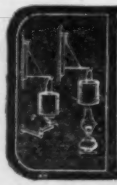

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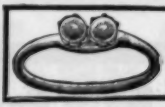

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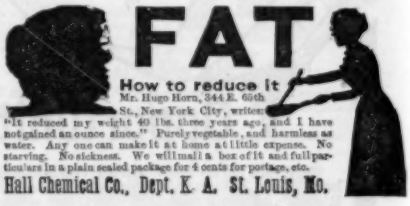

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